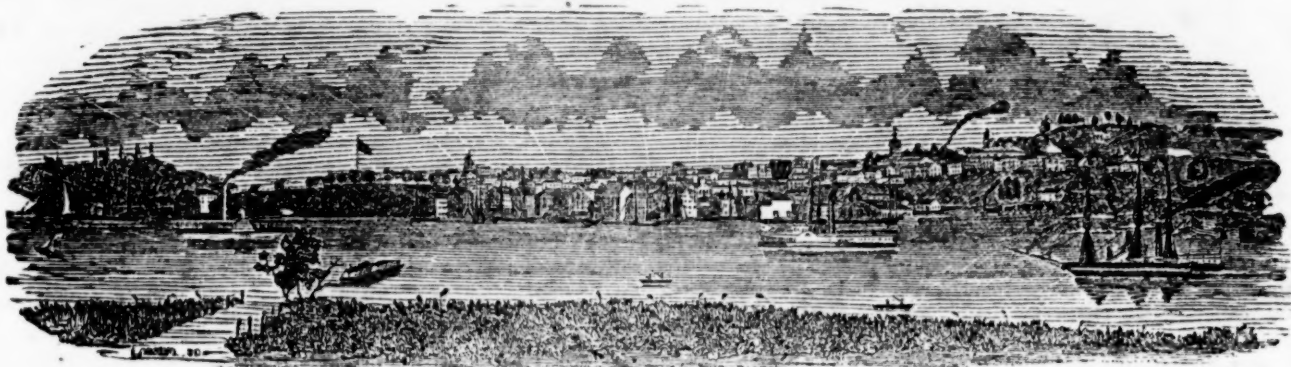


# RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

*A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.*

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1846.

NUMBER 26.

## PHYSICIANS AND GENERAL PRACTITIONERS.



A CONTROVERSY has been raised of late on the respective merits of the Physician and the General Practitioner. *Punch* will endeavor to settle it.

The Physician writes M. D. after his name. The General Practitioner M. R. C. S.

The General Practitioner might also subjoin, L. A. C. to his name, if he chose, for Licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company; but he usually waives this privilege.

Now, hence upon the long established axiom that two and two make four, it is clear that the General Practitioner is a man of more letters than the Physician. The latter, notwithstanding, piques himself

on his superior education, having generally been to Oxford or Cambridge, and there taken his degree. At the University he is supposed to have acquired a familiarity with the dead languages, the importance whereof, in the cure of disease, must be obvious.

The Physician's range of business is narrower. He takes a particular class of diseases called "medical;" otherwise they are termed "internal;" the human body having been determined by the Faculty to have an inside and an outside, just like an omnibus, the laws of Nature with respect to each being different. Further, in the ailments which the Physician attends to, there is something

which renders their treatment a more elevated, ennobling, gentlemanlike, and aristocratic occupation than that of others. A stomachache, for instance, is the province of the Physician; a broken shin that of the General Practitioner.

The Physician almost invariably dresses in black, and wears a white neckcloth. He also often affects smalls and gaiters; likewise, short frocks. He appears, no doubt very properly, to be in perpetual mourning. The General Practitioner more frequently sports colored clothes, as drab trowsers and a figured waistcoat. With respect to features, the Roman nose, we think, is more characteristic of physicians; while among general practitioners, we should say the more common of the two was the snub.

The General Practitioner and Physician often meet professionally; on which occasions their interests, as well as their opinions, are very apt to clash: whereupon an altercation ensues, which ends by the Physician telling the General Practitioner that he is an "impudent quack," and the General Practitioner replying to the Physician that he is "a contemptible humbug."

## TALES.

### THE ONLY SON.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MR. HARCOURT sat alone in his study. The walls were crowded with book-cases filled with the massy tomes of the law; his table was covered with papers of importance; and a pile of notes, which had just been paid him by a client, lay close at his elbow. The costly lamp that hung above his head threw its light full upon the upper part of his face, bringing the massy brow out in bold relief, and giving additional sternness and promise to his cold and inflexible features. All at once he rang the bell.

"Is master James arrived?" he said sharply, when the servant entered.

"Yes sir."

"Show him in, then."

In a few minutes the door of the study opened again, and the lawyer's only son stood in the presence of his father. He was a youth of about

seventeen, fair and manly to gaze upon, but with that look of dissipation in his countenance which mars the noblest beauty. An expression of feminine softness and irresolution in his face, contradicted the proud and self-willed glance of his dark, glowing eye. He seemed, indeed, to judge from looks, to be wholly a creature of impulses.

"So you have been in another scrape, sir?" said the old man harshly.

The youth bowed his head and bit his lip.

"It cost me four hundred dollars to pay for the carriage that was broken, and the horses foundered in your drunken frolic. What have you to say to that, sir?"

The young man's eye wandered irresolutely around the room, without daring to meet his father's face. Nor did he make any reply.

"How long is this to last?" said his parent, in a more angry tone. "Have I not told you, again and again, that I would disown you if these things went on? You are a disgrace, sir to me—a blot on my name. Thank God, your mother did not live to see you grow up."

The youth had been evidently nerving himself to bear his father's rebukes with as much indifference and coolness as possible; but at the mention of his mother's name his lip quivered, and he turned away his head to hide the tears that gathered in his eyes. Had that stern, irritating old man known how to follow up the chord he had struck, he might yet have been saved; but he was a hard, correct man, unaccustomed to making allowances for difference of character, and he resolved to drive his son into obedience by the strong arm of parental authority.

"You turn away to laugh, you rascal, do you?" said he, enraged. "You believe, because you are my only child, I will not disinherit you. But I would cast you off if you were ten times my son; and I made up my mind to-day to tell you, at once, to go. There is a pile of notes—five hundred dollars, I believe; take it, and to-morrow I will make it a thousand, before you depart. But remember, this is the last night you shall spend under my roof—the last cent of my money you shall ever touch."

When his mother was alluded to, the youth had almost made up his mind to step forward, ask pardon for all his evil courses, and promise solemnly hereafter to live a life of strict propriety; but the sharp and angry tone in which Mr. Harcourt pursued the conversation, and the words of banishment with which it closed, seemed to make him irresolute. He colored, turned pale, and parted his lips as if about to speak, then he clasped his hands, half in supplication; but the cold contemptuous look of his father checked him, and he remained silent. The angry flush, however, rose again to his cheek, and became fixed there.

"Not a word sir," said the father. "It is too late for pleading now. Don't be both a blackguard and a coward. I told you if you ever got into such a discreditable difficulty I would disown you. But warning did no good. You must reap as you have sown. Will you go?"

The youth seemed again about to speak; but his words choked him. The spirit of the son, as well as that of the father was roused. He felt that the punishment was disproportionated to the offence, even great as it had been. He took the notes which his parent held out to him, crumpled them hastily together, and flinging them scornfully back,

turned and left the room. The next instant the street door closed with a heavy clang.

"He has not gone surely!" said the father, startled for a moment. But his brow darkened as his eye fell on the notes. "Yet let him go—the graceless villain—he is hereafter no son of mine. Better die childless than have an heir who is a disgrace to your name. Did I not do my duty to him?"

Ay! old man that is the question. *Did* you do your duty to him? Were you not harsh when you should have been lenient—did you not neglect your son for years after his mother's death, careless of what kind of associates he consorted with—and when he had been led astray, did you not, in total disregard of his wilful character, the result of your own indulgence, did you not we say, coerce him with threats, when you should have drawn him by the gentle chords of love? Look into your own heart; see if you are not just as unreasonable as your son. Can a character be reformed in a day? Your profession should have taught you better, old man. But the boy has gone from your roof forever, for well he knows how inflexible is your stern self-righteous heart; and, indeed, with a portion of your own pride, he would sooner cut off his right arm than solicit or accept your aid. Yes! take up that mass of complicated papers, and endeavor to forget the past scene in their absorbing details; but yours must be a heart of adamant, if in despite of your oft-repeated reasoning, you can justify your harshness to it. Remember the words you have uttered. They may apply to more than one,—*"As you have sown, so you shall reap!"*

James Harcourt went forth from his father's house in utter despair. Pride had supported him during the last few moments of the interview, and he had met his stern parent's malediction with bitter defiance; but when the door had closed upon him, and he turned to take a last look at the window which was once his mother's, the tears gushed again into his eyes, and covering his face in his hands, he sat down on a neighboring step and sobbed convulsively. "Oh! if she had been living," he said, "it would never come to this. She would not have left me to form associations with those who wished to make a prey of me—she would not have galled me by stern, and often undeserved reproaches—she would not have turned me from my home, with no place whither to go, and temptations around me on every side. Oh! my mother," he said casting his eyes to heaven, "look down on, and pity your poor boy."

At that instant the door of his father's house opened, as if some one was about to come forth. A momentary hope shot through him that his parent had relented. But no! it was only a servant who had been called to close the shutters. Ashamed to be recognised, the youth hastily arose, turned a corner and disappeared.

Years rolled on. The lawyer rose in wealth and consideration; honors were heaped profusely on him; he became a member of Congress, a Senator, a Judge. His sumptuous carriage rolled through the streets daily, to bear him to and from court. An invitation to his dinners was received in triumph, they were so select. In every respect Judge Harcourt was a man to be envied.

But was he happy? He might have been, reader, but for one thing. *He had no one to love.* He felt that people courted him only from interested motives. Oh! how he sometimes longed to know what had

become of his discarded boy, confessing to himself, now that years had removed the veil from his eyes, how harshly he had used the culprit.

"Perhaps, if I had borne with him a little longer, he might have been reformed," he said, with a sigh. "He always had a good heart, and his poor mother used to say he was so obedient. But he got led away!"

At this instant a servant cautiously opened the door.

"It is almost ten o'clock, your honor," he said, "and the carriage is at the door."

"Ay, ay," said the Judge rising, as the servant disappeared. "I had forgot myself. And that desperate fellow, Roberts, is to be tried to-day, for the mail robbery."

Many an obsequious bow greeted the Judge as the officers of his court made way for him through the crowd, for the trial was one of unusual interest and had collected together large numbers. He smiled affably to all, and taking his seat, ordered the business to proceed. The prisoner was brought in, a large, bold, fine looking man, but the judge, occupied with a case he had heard the day before, and in which he was writing out an opinion, gave little notice to the criminal, or indeed to any of the proceedings, until the usual formalities had been gone through, and the serious part of the evidence began to be heard. Then the Judge, for the first time, directed a keen glance at the prisoner. "Surely I have seen that face before," he said. But he could not remember where; and he turned to scrutinize the jury-box.

The case was a clear one. The testimony when completed, formed a mass of evidence that was irresistible. Two men swore positively to the person of the accused as that of one of the robbers; and the jury immediately gave a verdict of guilty, after a bitterly severe charge against the prisoner from the bench. The punishment was death.

On hearing the verdict, the prisoner set his mouth firmly, and drew himself up to his full height. But before sentence was pronounced he asked leave to say a few words. He did it in so earnest a tone, that the judge immediately granted it, wondering that a man who looked so courageous should stoop to beg for his life.

"I acknowledge my crime," said the prisoner, "nor do I seek to palliate it. But neither do I ask for mercy. I can face death; I have faced it a dozen times. But I wish to say a word on the causes that brought me to this place."

Every neck was strained forward to catch the words of the speaker; even the judge leaned over the bench, controlled by an interest for which he could not account.

"I was born of reputable, nay, distinguished parents," said the man, "and one at least was an angel. But she died early, and my father, immersed in ambitious schemes, quite forgot me, so that I was left to form my own associations, which, therefore, were naturally not all of the most unexceptionable kind. By and by, my irregularities began to attract my father's notice. He reproved me too harshly. Recollect, I was spoiled by indulgence. I soon committed another youthful folly. My punishment, this time, was more severe and quite as ill advised as before. I was a creature of impulse, pliable for either good or bad—and my only surviving parent fell into the error of attempting to drive me, when he should have persuaded me with kindness. The fact is, neither of us under-



stood each other. Well, matters went on thus for two years and more: I was extravagant, rebellious, dissipated; my parent was hard and unforgiving.

"At length," continued the speaker, turning full on the Judge until their eyes met, "at length one evening, my parent sent for me into the study. I had been guilty of some youthful folly, and having threatened me about a fortnight before with disinheritorship if I again vexed him, he now told me that henceforth I was to be no child of his, but an outcast and a beggar. He said, too, that he thanked God my mother had not lived to see that day. That touched me. Had he then spoken kindly—had he given me a chance I might have reformed; but he irritated me with hard words, checked my rising promptings of good by condemning me unheard, sent me forth alone in the world. From that hour," continued the prisoner, speaking rapidly and with great emotion, "I was desperate. I went from his doors a homeless, penniless, friendless boy. My former associates would have shrunk from me, even if I had not been too proud to seek them. All decent society was shut against me. I soon became almost starved for want of money. But needs it to tell the shifts I was driven to? I slept in miserable hovels—I consorted with the lowest and vilest—I gambled, I cheated, and yet I could scarcely get my bread. You who sit in luxurious homes, know not the means to which the miserable outcast must resort for a livelihood! But enough. From one step I passed to another, till I am here. From the moment I was cast out of my father's house my fate was inevitable, leading me by constantly descending steps, until I became the felon I now am. And I stand here to-day, ready to endure the utmost penalty of your laws, careless of the future, as I have been reckless of the past."

He ceased; and now released from the torrent of his passionate eloquence, which had chained their eyes to him, the spectators turned toward the judge, to see what effect the prisoner's words had produced. Well was it, that no one looked there before, else that proud man had sunk cowering from his seat. They would have seen how his eye gradually quailed before that of the speaker—how he turned ashy pale—how his whole face at length, became convulsed with agony. Ay! old man, remorse was fully at work. In the criminal he had recognised his own son! He thought then of the words he had once used, "As you sow so shall you reap." But by a mighty effort he was enabled to hear the prisoner to the end, and then feeling as if every eye was upon him, penetrating this terrible secret in his looks, he sank, with a groan senseless to the earth.

The confusion that occurred in the court-house, when it was found that the Judge had been taken suddenly ill, as the physicians said by a stroke of apoplexy, led to the postponement of the prisoner's sentence; and before the next session of the court, the culprit had received a conditional pardon, the result, it was said, of the mitigating circumstances which he had urged so eloquently on his trial. The terms on which a large portion of citizens petitioned for his pardon, required that he should forever after reside abroad. It was said that the Judge although scarcely recovered, had taken such an interest in the prisoner, as to visit him in a long and secret interview, the night before he sailed for Europe.

About a year after these events, Judge Harcourt resigned his office, on the plea of ill health, and

having settled his affairs, embarked for the old world, where he intended to reside for many years. He never returned to America. But travelers said that he was residing in a secluded valley of Italy, with a man in the prime of life, who passed for his adopted son. It was the reclaimed outcast. A smiling family of grand-children surrounded him. The happy father could say, in the language of Scripture, "this my son was dead and is alive again, he was lost and is found."

## MISCELLANY.

## ANECDOTE OF ELISHA WILLIAMS.

The following incident in the life of this celebrated lawyer we have never seen in print: In the year 1819 Mr. Williams was counsel for the heirs of a citizen of Columbia County, who died at the age of eighty years, leaving a will which gave such great dissatisfaction that the heirs determined to make an effort to set it aside, or, in common parlance, to break it. They undertook to prove the incompetency of the old man to make a proper will, and all the available points in favor of his clients were ably handled by Mr. W. Still in the summing up, his case did not appear so strong as to bespeak certain success; and Mr. W. who had, by his well-known eloquence, got the jury in a proper frame of mind, wound up his speech by the following remarkable climax, of which the effect was to break the will into something less than a thousand fragments.

"The Scriptures," said he "limit the days of man to three score and ten years. Shall a man eighty years of age, then make a will? Why, he has outlived God Almighty's statute of limitation!"—*N. Y. True Sun.*

## BLACK JOKES.

"Look heah, Jim, what you peepin' at dare so close, eh?" said one colored gemmen to another ebony who was squatted on a fire plug, watching the telegraph wires very closely.

"Why I's jist watching to see the news pass along de wires."

"Well did you see 'em nigger?"

"Not yet, but I winked jist now, and I 'spect de news went pass den."

"Oh! de lord! ya, ya, yah!"

"Look heah, old fellow, don't laugh at me you black sarprint, or I'll smash your nose so flat dat you hab to put tar on both sides to get hold ob it."

**SAILOR'S WIT.**—Some time ago, one of our ship-owners, in getting away the vessel, had considerable trouble with one of his men, by the name of Cain, or Kane, who had got rather top-heavy on his advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, on settling with the crew, it came to this man's turn for settlement. "What name?" asked the merchant. "Cain, sir," was the reply. "What! are you the man who slew his brother?" "No, sir," was the ready and witty reply of Jack, giving his trowsers a hitch, with a knowing wink—"I AM THE MAN WHO WAS SLEWED!"

**NEGRO WIT.**—"How much do you charge Massa magistrate to marry me and Miss Dinah?" "Why Clem, I'll marry you for two dollars." "Two dollars! what you charge to marry white folks, massa?" "We generally charge them five dollars, Clem."

"Well you marry us like white folks, and I'll give you five dollars too." "Why, Clem that's a curious notion, but as I desire it, I will marry you like the white folks for five dollars." The ceremony being over, Clem and Dinah being one, the magistrate asked for his fee. "Oh no, massa, you no come up to de a 'greement—you no kiss the bride." "Get out of my office, you black rascal!"

## Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1846.

## THE CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

The present number closes the 22d volume of the Repository. How far we have succeeded in our endeavors to render it an agreeable and useful companion to those who have been pleased to extend to us their patronage, is not for us to say, but we confidently look forward to a continuance of their favor, indulging the hope that amid the multiplicity of works, similar to our own, which are now before the public, they will not forsake an old and tried friend, for one just starting into existence, and that such of our patrons as take an interest in the success of our Rural, will not only renew their own subscriptions, but as many of them have formerly done, endeavor to add a few new and responsible names to our subscription list, that we may still hold on our way, and fulfil the arduous duties incumbent upon us as caterers for the public taste, with that cheerfulness and alacrity, which can only be felt by those who expect to receive, at least, some trifling remuneration for their labor.

Agents will please forward as soon as possible the names of their subscribers who wish to have their papers continued, our rule being not to send any at the commencement of a new year, until again ordered.

In addition to the already low terms of the Repository we will make the following:

Great Inducement to subscribers for the 23d Volume. Any town that will send us the most subscribers, according to the number of its inhabitants, shall be entitled to the 24th volume as a premium, each subscriber in such town to receive the Repository during that year gratuitously.

## SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We received this excellent weekly with pleasure and readily give it a place on our exchange list. It is a very large, and well-conducted paper, containing much to instruct and amuse. Its age is sufficient recommend, as it has been before the public 27 years. It is Edited and published by Samuel D. Patterson & Co. Terms \$2.00 per year.

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

S. S. West Stockbridge, Mass. \$1.50; Mrs. G. H. East Nassau, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. C. Great Barrington, Ms. \$1.00; W. C. Ohio, N. Y. \$1.00; P. J. S. New-York, N. Y. \$1.00; Col. J. S. Hoffman's Gate, N. Y. \$1.00; J. A. M. South Williamstown, Ms. \$1.00.



## BOUND

In Hymen's silken bands.



In this city, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Bainbridge Mr. Daniel Sprague, to Miss Hannah C. Fowler, both of Pittsfield, Mass.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Bainbridge, Mr. Levi Wallworth, to Miss Isabella Connor, both of Stockport.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. Jasper Suling, of New-York city, to Miss Agnes Kenyon, of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Thomas Bainbridge, Capt. John D. Jessup, to Miss Elizabeth Best, both of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the same, Mr. Alexander Race, to Miss Julia Ann Cripp, both of this city.

In Stockport, on the 7th ult. by the Rev. John Campbell, Mr. Seneca S. Lawton, of Nassau, to Miss Julia F. Olmstead, of Chatham.

In Stockport, on the 10th inst. by the Rev. John Campbell, Mr. Henry Link, of Claverack, to Miss Maria Brundage, of the city of Hudson.



## LOOSED

From the fetters of Earth.



In this city, on the 16th inst. Mrs. Margaret Campbell, in the 78th year of her age.

On the 12th inst. Marrilla Sheffer, in her 20th year.

On the 15th inst. infant son of Elias W. and Betsy M. Griswold, aged 7 weeks.

In Baton Rouge, La. on the 29th ult. Mr. Benjamin W. Slocum, aged 39 years. He was a native of this city.

## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.  
THE DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

BY ISAAC COBB.

THE days of our childhood! alas, they have gone,  
Those moments of innocence, pleasure and glee;  
When cheerful and happy we played on the lawn,  
By pain unmolested, from care ever free.

The birds that then perched on the boughs of the trees,  
While sweetly they sung their symphonious lays;  
No longer are here to enchant or to please,  
Or make the fair forest a temple of praise.

The waters that flowed in their glittering sheen,  
Or glided beneath the elysian shades,  
Appear not so lovely when now they are seen,  
Although they still flow through the woods and the glades.

The friends that we loved—for their presence we weep,  
For they are not here, as in days that have fled;  
Their voices we hear not, awake or asleep;  
Alas! they inhabit the home of the dead.

Now often assisted by memory's eye,  
Delighted we gaze on the scenes of the past;  
And soaring on Fancy's broad pinions we fly,  
Where beauty and pleasure eternally last.

Gorham, Me. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.  
MUSINGS.

BY LYMAN W. HALL.

OFTEN, at evening-tide I muse alone,  
When nature sinks within the quiet shade,  
And naught but peaceful notes my ears invade,  
And feel a thrill, responsive to each tone;  
Forgetful, for the time of wasting years,  
My pulses leap in all of youthful joy,  
As erst they did, when an untutored boy,  
To nature oft I gave my gushing tears—  
Each waving breeze brings up some songster's lay,  
And tender sadness o'er my spirit steals,  
While listening, pensive to these evening peals,  
Which hymn the exit of receding day—  
To soothing melancholy's gentle power,  
I yield me in this soft, subduing hour.

I'm sitting at my study window now  
My eye looks outward o'er the green-tinged plain,  
My ear drinks richly in each bird like strain,  
The scented breeze fans gently o'er my brow,  
I own the moments witching—its sway,  
Finds me a victim, willing, in its thrall;  
I yield my thoughts, my fancy, heart and all,  
And glide from all the cares of earth away—  
The tinted radiance of the western sky,  
Fitsly o'erhangs a scene like this,  
And adds rich lustre to the moment's bliss,  
A moment, but too soon, for aye, to fly—  
'Tis gone—the flitting songster's wing is furled,  
And darkness gathers o'er a silent world.

Ravenna, O. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.  
TO A DEAR FRIEND.

THOUGH different for awhile, our paths may be,  
Though sorrow's clouds in darkness round me lower,  
Yet ever mingling in my dreams of thee,  
Is the bright thought, we'll meet to part no more

Too bright I fear, too joyful to be true,  
No more to part, from friends whom we adore,  
No more to speak the trembling, sad adieu;  
When shall we meet, on earth, to part no more?

Though Fortune's frown full oftener than her smile,  
May darkly mingle with my life's sad store;  
'Tis this shall cheer my lonely hours the while,  
We'll meet again, e'er long, to part no more.

Oh then! what rapturous feelings will be ours,  
When meeting once for all our partings o'er,  
In sweet communion will speed on the hours,  
No more with sad regrets, to part no more.  
Ah yes! there is a parting time for all,  
Who dwell upon the stream of life's dark shore;  
May ours be short, and be the funeral pall  
Though dark, the gate to life, to part no more.

Osecego, 1846.

EMILY.

For the Rural Repository  
TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

I'LL think of thee, when round me throng  
The fairest forms of earth—  
When softly floats the fairy song  
Of gladness or of mirth!  
And at my spirit's temple shrine  
A priestess thou shalt be,  
To feed with incense heavenly,  
The flame of love divine.

I'll think of thee, when beauty charms,  
And with its mystic power,  
My ever wandering fancy warms  
At blushing twilight hour!  
And in the sky of memory,  
The brightest star to shine  
'Mid all which there bright rays entwined,  
Dearest One! thou shalt be.

I'll think of thee, when from the past  
Dim spectres e'er arise—  
When clouds of grief or gloom are cast  
Across life's happy skies!  
And o'er me, like sweet minstrelsy  
Of forest birds at even;  
Or zephyr's thro' the arch of heaven,  
Shall come the thoughts of thee.

I'll think of thee, when friends are cold  
And foes around me press;  
When worldly hopes lie still and cold  
Upon life's wilderness;  
And then, like manna once given  
To Israel from above,  
Shall come the memory of thy love,  
To guide my soul to heaven.

Lansingburg, N. Y. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.  
APOSTROPHE TO CHARITY.

BY REV. J. B. SAX.

O CHARITY! bright heavenly maid!  
Thou power supremely blessed;  
Best gift or God to sinning man—  
In robes of glory dressed.

Thou angel from the upper spheres;  
Who came at God's command,  
To bless us in this lower world—  
To bless on every hand.

Whose glorious head of heavenly mould,  
Decked in celestial white;  
And bound around with sparkling wreaths,  
Dazzles poor mortal sight.

Whose brilliant robes of dazzling hues,  
Are dipt in heaven's own die—  
And radiant with the morning light,  
Of the orient, golden sky.

Whose smiling, noble, godlike face,  
Beaming with love and truth;  
And picturing heaven itself to view,  
Blooms in bright, fadeless youth.

Whose hand of pure, unspotted white,  
Vials of mercy holds—  
Ready to pour them out on men,  
To cheer their drooping souls.

Whose tongue proclaims in witching tones,  
That gracious message given,  
(Twice peace on earth, good will to men)—  
By him who rules in heaven.

Sweet Charity! thou comest down,  
From heaven thy dwelling place,  
Enlightening this lower sphere,  
With thine effulgent face.

The harsh discordant sounds of strife,  
By rebel passions made,

Are hushed to silence by the voice  
Of this sweet heavenly maid.

Fierce discord foul no longer rends,  
The silken ties that bind,  
In happy union ever blessed,  
The hearts of all mankind.

Man thirsts no longer, demon like,  
For blood of fellow man;  
Nor laughs when misery's face is seen,  
With cheeks all pale and wan.

Thou comest! and the wounds of sin  
Are healed by balm divine;  
O grant that this most sacred charm,  
Dear Lord, may e'er be mine!  
Thou comest! pains and groans have ceased  
Where they before were heard;  
And tears are turned to smiles of joy,  
By thy sweet magic word.

Blasphemous curses, see them die  
Upon the railer's tongue!  
By him who cursed his Maker once,  
God's praises now are sung.

O come to us—we pray thee come—  
Come in thy heavenly might!  
Fill all our hearts with love divine—  
Angels will bless the sight.

Come bring with thee eternal life,  
That blessed, heavenly boon;  
Come bless awhile this present state,  
Which we must leave so soon.

Cuba, Allegany Co. N. Y. 1846.

The oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

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